

Stanza	“The Raven” by Edgar Allan Poe	Vocabulary
1.	Once upon a midnight <b>dreary</b> , while I <b>pondered</b> , weak and weary Over many a <b>quaint</b> and curious <b>volume of forgotten lore</b> , While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my <b>chamber</b> door "Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door- Only this, and nothing more."...	<b>Dreary</b> = lacking in liveliness or surprise <b>pondered</b> = meditated, studied <b>quaint</b> = archaic, old <b>Volume of forgotten lore</b> = book of knowledge or myths <b>Chamber</b> = bedroom or study
2.	Ah, distinctly I <b>remember</b> it was in the bleak <b>December</b> ,. And each separate dying <b>ember wrought</b> its ghost upon the floor. Eagerly I wished the <b>morrow</b> ; <b>vainly</b> I had <b>sought</b> to borrow From my books <b>surcease</b> of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore- For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore- Nameless here for evermore.	<b>Bleak</b> = unpleasantly cold & damp <b>Ember</b> = glowing wood fragment in fireplace <b>Wrought</b> = formed; shaped <b>Morrow</b> = next day <b>Vainly</b> = without help or benefit <b>Sought</b> = looked for <b>Surcease</b> = a stop or pause
3.	And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain Thrilled me—filled me with <b>fantastic</b> terrors never felt before So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating, "Tis some visitor <b>entreating</b> entrance at my chamber door- Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;- This it is, and nothing more."	<b>Fantastic</b> = unreal, imaginary; weird <b>Entreating</b> = ask for; request
4.	Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer, "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I <b>implore</b> But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping, And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door, That I <b>scarce</b> was sure I heard you"- here I opened wide the door;- Darkness there, and nothing more.	<b>Implore</b> = beg for anxiously  <b>Scarce</b> = hardly; barely
5.	Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing, Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before; But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave <b>no token</b> , And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!" This I whispered and an echo <b>murmured</b> back the word, "Lenore!"- Merely this, and nothing more	<b>No token</b> = a sign <b>Murmured</b> = a low, indistinct sound made from a mouth but not using words

6.	Back into the <b>chamber</b> turning, all my soul within me burning, Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before. "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window <b>lattice</b> : Let me see, then, what <b>thereat</b> is, and this mystery explore Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;- 'Tis the wind and nothing more."	<b>Chamber</b> = a room in a house, especially bedroom  <b>Lattice</b> = shutter; quiver  <b>Thereat</b> = there, at that place
7.	Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a <b>flirt</b> and flutter In there stepped a <b>stately</b> raven of the saintly days of <b>yore</b> ; Not the least <b>obeisance</b> made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he; But, with <b>mien</b> of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door- Perched upon a <b>bust of Pallas</b> just above my chamber door- Perched, and sat, and nothing more.	<b>Flirt</b> = jolt <b>Stately</b> = majestic <b>Yore</b> = the distant past <b>Obeisance</b> = a bow; a gesture of respect <b>Mein</b> = manner <b>bust of Pallas</b> = a statue of the goddess of Wisdom
8.	Then this <b>ebony</b> bird <b>beguiling</b> my sad fancy into smiling, By the grave and stern decorum of the <b>countenance</b> it wore. "Though thy <b>crest</b> be <b>shorn</b> and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no <b>craven</b> Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's <b>Plutonian</b> shore!" [1] <b>Quoth</b> the Raven, " <b>Nevermore</b> ."	<b>Ebony</b> = black <b>Beguiling</b> = able to bring hope <b>Countenance</b> = facial expression <b>Though, art, thy</b> = you, are, your <b>Crest</b> = tuft of feathers on head <b>Shorn</b> = cut <b>Craven</b> = coward <b>Plutonian</b> = of, relating to Hades (Hell) [1] The narrator believes the raven is from the shore of the River Styx in the Underworld, the abode of the dead in Greek mythology. "Plutonian" is a reference to Pluto, the god of the Underworld. <b>Quoth</b> = said <b>Nevermore</b> = at no time hereafter
9.	Much I marvelled this <b>ungainly fowl</b> to hear <b>discourse</b> so plainly Though its answer little meaning- <b>little relevancy bore</b> For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door- Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door, With such name as "Nevermore." [2]	<b>Ungainly</b> = awkward <b>Fowl</b> = bird <b>Discourse</b> = speak; conversation Little relevancy bore = it made/had little sense  [2] The narrator at first thinks the raven's name is "Nevermore."

10.	But the raven, sitting lonely on the <b>placid</b> bust, spoke only That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour. Nothing further then he <b>uttered</b> - not a feather then he fluttered- Till I scarcely more than muttered, "other friends have flown before- On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before." Then the bird said, "Nevermore."	<b>Placid</b> = peaceful <b>Uttered</b> = spoke
11.	Startled at the stillness broken by reply so <b>aptly</b> spoken, "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only <b>stock and store</b> , <b>Caught</b> from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one <b>burden bore</b> - Till the <b>dirges</b> of his Hope that melancholy <b>burden bore</b> Of 'Never- nevermore'."	<b>Aptly</b> = with competence <b>Stock and store</b> = means "a repeated phrase" <b>Caught</b> = learned <b>Burden bore</b> = bringing problems <b>Dirges</b> = funeral hymns
12.	But the Raven still <b>beguiling</b> all my <b>fancy</b> into smiling, Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door; Then upon the velvet sinking, I <b>betook</b> myself to linking Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this <b>ominous</b> bird of <b>yore</b> - What this grim, ungainly, <b>ghastly</b> , gaunt and ominous bird of yore [3] Meant in croaking "Nevermore."	<b>Beguiling</b> = bringing hope (to turn) <b>Fancy</b> = an imagined story or thought <b>Betook</b> = moved myself <b>Ominous</b> = sinister; threatening <b>Yore</b> = from the past <b>Gaunt</b> = very thin, especially from disease or hunger [3] The bird is now the image of death
13.	This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing To the fowl whose <b>fiery</b> eyes now burned into my bosom's core; This and more I sat <b>divining</b> , with my head at ease reclining On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight <b>gloated</b> o'er, But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight <b>gloating</b> o'er, She shall press, ah, nevermore! [4]	<b>Fiery</b> = like, or suggesting fire <b>Divining</b> = trying to figure out <b>Gloating</b> = bragging; boasting with pride [4] She will never again press her head to the cushions.
14.	Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen <b>censer</b> Swung by <b>Seraphim</b> whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee- by these angels he hath sent thee <b>Respite</b> - respite and <b>nepenthe</b> , from thy memories of Lenore! <b>Quaff</b> , oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!" [5] Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."	<b>Censer</b> = container used for burning incense. <b>Seraphim</b> = angels at the highest rank <b>Respite</b> = rest, pause <b>Nepenthe</b> = drug causing forgetfulness <b>Quaff</b> = drink [5] The narrator wants to "drink in" the perfumed air (what he hopes to be his nepenthe)

15.	"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!- prophet still, if bird or devil! Whether <b>Tempter</b> sent, or whether <b>tempest</b> tossed thee here ashore, Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted- On this home by horror haunted- tell me truly, I implore- Is there- <b>is there balm in Gilead?</b> - tell me- tell me, I implore!" [6] Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."	<b>Tempter</b> = Satan <b>Tempest</b> = storm  [6] Is their cure for my depression? (Reference to Bible passage)
16.	" <b>Prophet!</b> " said I, "thing of evil- prophet still, if bird or devil! By that Heaven that bends above us- by that God we both adore- Tell this soul with sorrow <b>laden</b> if, within the distant <b>Aidenn</b> , It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore- Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore." [7] Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."	<b>Prophet</b> = Fortuneteller <b>Laden</b> = filled with great quantity <b>Aidenn</b> = paradise, heaven, Eden  [7] He is confirming here that Lenore is dead
17.	"Be that word our sign in <b>parting</b> , bird or <b>fiend</b> ," I shrieked, upstarting- "Get thee back into the <b>tempest</b> and the <b>Night's Plutonian shore!</b> Leave no black <b>plume</b> as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken! Leave my loneliness unbroken!- quit the bust above my door! Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!" Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."	<b>Parting</b> = leaving <b>Fiend</b> = an evil supernatural <b>Tempest</b> = storm <b>Night's Plutonian shore</b> = the shore of Hell (Hades/the underworld) <b>Plume</b> = type of feather
18.	And the Raven, never <b>flitting</b> , still is sitting, still is sitting On the <b>pallid</b> bust of Pallas just above my chamber door; And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming, And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor; And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor Shall be lifted- nevermore! [8]	<b>Flitting</b> = flying; moving <b>Pallid</b> = pale  [8]. The idea that his soul will never be lifted from his shadows implies that the narrator is stuck in his own personal hell.

The End!